

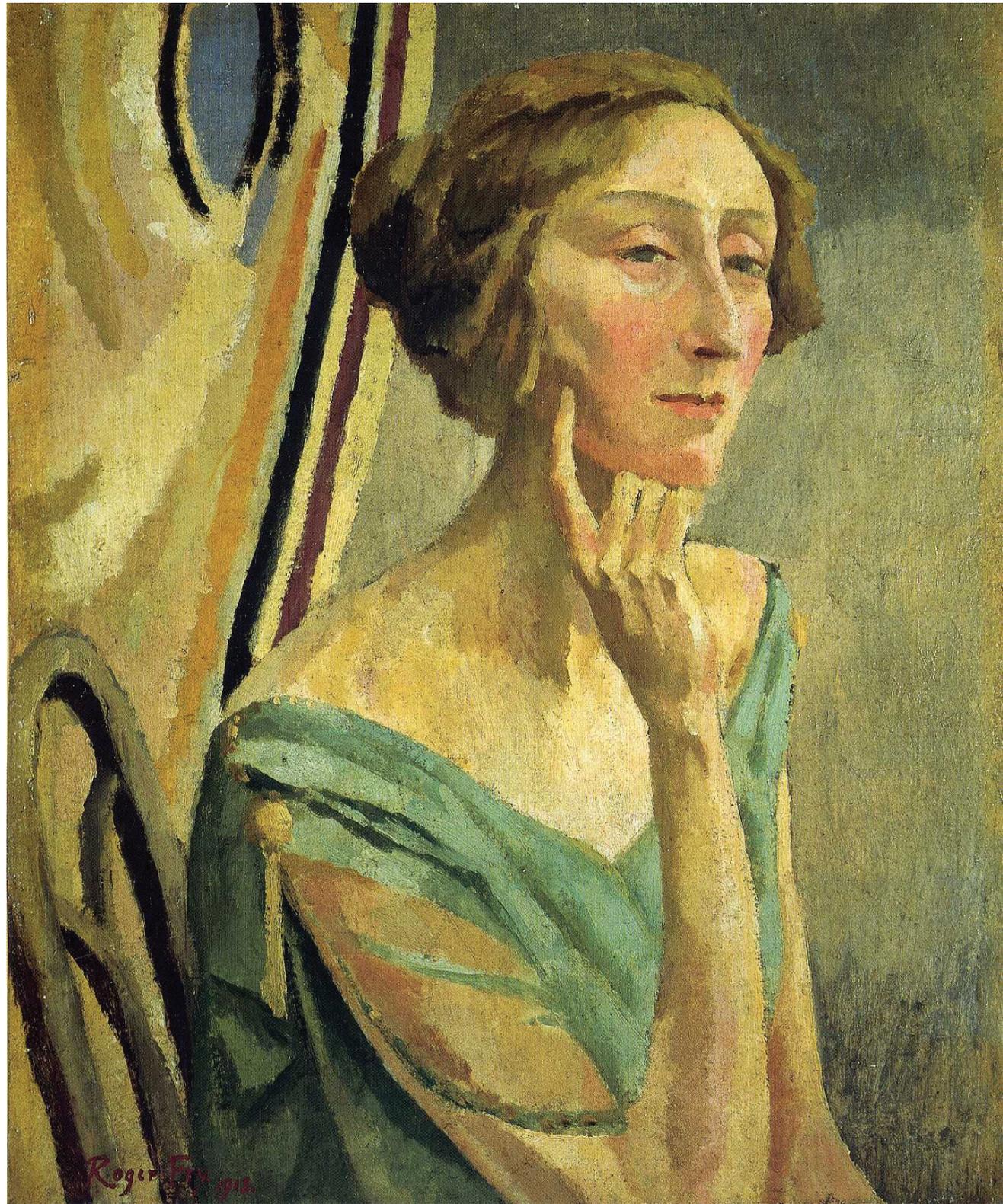


William  
**WALTON**  
**The Complete**  
**Façades**

**Hila Plitmann,  
Fred Child,  
Kevin Deas,  
Narrators**

**Virginia Arts  
Festival Chamber  
Orchestra**

**JoAnn Falletta**



William  
**WALTON**  
(1902–1983)

## The Complete Façades

### Façade – An Entertainment (1922)

**37:12**

*(Text: Edith Sitwell, 1887–1964)*

1	Fanfare	0:37
2	I. Hornpipe	1:15
3	II. En Famille	2:50
4	III. Mariner Man	0:38
5	IV. Long Steel Grass	2:07
6	V. Through Gilded Trellises	2:07
7	VI. Tango-Pasodoblé	1:53
8	VII. Lullaby for Jumbo	1:21
9	VIII. Black Mrs Behemoth	0:52
10	IX. Tarantella	1:19
11	X. The Man from a Far Countree	1:32
12	XI. By the Lake	1:38
13	XII. Country Dance	1:54
14	XIII. Polka	1:17
15	XIV. Four in the Morning	1:59
16	XV. Something Lies Beyond the Scene	0:58
17	XVI. Valse	3:07
18	XVII. Jodelling Song	2:11
19	XVIII. Scotch Rhapsody	1:23
20	XIX. Popular Song	1:56
21	XX. Fox-Trot 'Old Sir Faulk'	2:09
22	XXI. Sir Beelzebub	1:00

### Façade 2 – A Further Entertainment (1978–79)

**10:30**

*(Text: Edith Sitwell)*

23	I. Flourish – Came the Great Popinjay	1:14
24	II. Aubade	3:20
25	III. March	0:55
26	IV. Madame Mouse Trots	0:40
27	V. The Octogenarian	1:14
28	VI. Gardener Janus Catches a Naiad	0:55
29	VII. Water Party	1:05
30	VIII. Said King Pompey	0:43

### Façade – Additional Numbers (1922, 1977)

**6:17**

*(Text: Edith Sitwell)*

31	I. Small Talk	1:35
32	II. Daphne	1:42
33	III. The White Owl	1:05
34	IV. The Last Galop	1:44

**Hila Plitmann** 3 4 6 10 12 13 15 17 20 22 24 26 29 32,  
**Fred Child** 2 5 7 9 12 16 19 21 22 25 28 31 34,  
**Kevin Deas** 3 4 8 11 12 14 18 22 23 27 30 33, **Narrators**

#### Virginia Arts Festival Chamber Players

Debra Wendells Cross, Flute • Rachel Ordaz, Piccolo  
Todd Levy, Clarinet • Robert Alemany, Bass clarinet  
Timothy McAllister, Alto saxophone • David Vonderheide, Trumpet  
Julian Schwarz, Cello • Robert W. Cross, Percussion

**JoAnn Falletta, Conductor**

## William Walton (1902–1983)

### The Complete Façades

Written long before William Walton became a fully-fledged, sophisticated creative artist and knight of the realm, *Façade* is the most celebrated product of his early years as an 'enfant terrible'. Though *Façade* is not a dependable guide to the path his music was to follow, his voice is instantly recognisable in every bar and hence, we may agree with the composer Edmund Rubbra, who observed that Walton merely became more himself as he got older, his music not so much maturing as becoming 'more subtly defined'.

The 18-year-old Walton had just left Christ Church, Oxford in 1920 without a degree and was facing an uncertain future, when he was invited to join the Sitwell family in their Chelsea home. He stayed there for most of the next decade as an adopted member of the family. In a critical moment in Walton's career, Edith Sitwell asked him to collaborate with her on an innovative, revolutionary new work. It was to feature verses as abstract poems or patterns in sound involving experiments of rhythm, tempo and texture. According to Edith's brother Osbert, the title derived from a painter's negative comment on Edith's poetry, 'Very clever, no doubt – but what is she but a façade!'. This verdict delighted the young Sitwells and proved to be an ideal title for the sort of entertainment they wished to present. The verses of *Façade*, though apparently absurd, uncannily conjure up the world of bourgeois late-Victorian England with its music halls, trips to the seaside, references to deities and Tennyson. The satire is sharp and unsentimental, yet it is offset by poignant moods of nostalgia and wistful melancholy as some poems clearly reflect an unhappy childhood. Edith continued to write poetry and prose until her death in 1964, but this remains the work for which she is best remembered.

Walton showed what Edith's brother Sacheverell described as 'an instinctive understanding' of the poems. The settings unflinchingly enhance and enrich the texts, creating a rare instance of a work where words and music are unquestionably of equal importance. Walton set 16 poems and also supplied an *Overture* and an *Interlude*. His chosen instrumental forces consisted of flute (doubling piccolo), clarinet (doubling bass clarinet), trumpet, cello and percussion. This scoring parallels contemporary Continental models ranging from Schoenberg (*Pierrot lunaire*) to Satie (*Parade*), as well as Stravinsky (*The Soldier's Tale*), and shows a firm grasp of dance band music, especially jazz.

*Façade* was first given a private performance, with the composer conducting and Edith reciting the texts, before an invited audience on 24 January 1922 in the L-shaped first floor drawing room of the Sitwells' home at 2 Carlyle Square, London. To aid comprehension of the recitation during the quicker passages, the Sitwells used an improvised megaphone, known as a Sengerphone, and the programme presented 'Miss Edith Sitwell on her Sengerphone with accompaniments, overture and interlude by W. T. Walton'. In order to achieve the desired distancing effect, the performers were concealed behind an elaborate painted curtain designed by the sculptor Frank Dobson. Its centre was an enormous mask, with an open mouth filled by the cone of the megaphone.

A public performance was given at the Aeolian Hall in New Bond Street on 12 June 1923, again with Edith Sitwell as reciter and Walton conducting. By the time of this event, four numbers had been discarded and a further sixteen, including two for instruments only, added. Walton's music, which this time included an alto saxophone in the ensemble, received a puzzled reception. There were some sympathetic notices, but the *Daily Graphic's* headline, 'Drive! They Paid to Hear' was not an entirely unrepresentative reaction.

Over the next few years, at each successive performance, *Façade* was subject to a steady process of revision and polishing. Certain poems were rejected, and new ones added. To celebrate the twentieth anniversary of the first private performance, the twenty-one numbers of what was to become the definitive version of *Façade* were first heard on 29 May 1942, at the Aeolian Hall. On this occasion Constant Lambert recited and Walton conducted the group of instrumentalists. The first half of the concert consisted of a rare British performance of Schoenberg's *Pierrot Lunaire*, and Lambert may have had this in mind when he suggested arranging the poems into seven groups of three, an allusion (or homage) to the identically ordered structure of Schoenberg's piece.

*Façade* was not published until 1951; before then, numerous versions appeared, including ballet scores, two suites for orchestra and reductions for piano. A ballet based on the *First Orchestral Suite* was choreographed by Frederick Ashton.

In 1977 there appeared eight extensively re-worked and previously unpublished numbers of *Façade 2 – A Further Entertainment*. This collection was requested by Walton's publishers, Oxford University Press, as part of the composer's 75th birthday celebrations. Selected by Walton himself, the eight settings formed what was provisionally entitled *Façade Revived*. The new work was premiered at a birthday concert for the composer on 25 March 1977 at Plaisterers' Hall, London. Richard Baker recited the poems and Charles Mackerras conducted members of the English Bach Festival Ensemble. A further performance took place on 3 June at a concert given by the London Sinfonietta conducted by Colin Davis.

In the spring of 1978, Walton decided to reject three of the numbers, replace them with others, and substantially rework the rest of the music. *Daphne*, *The Last Galop* and *The White Owl* were dropped and replaced by *Madame Mouse Trots*, *Gardener Janus Catches a Naiad* and *Water Party*. The retitled *Façade 2* was dedicated to Cathy Berberian and first performed at the 32nd Aldeburgh Festival on 19 June 1979 at The Maltings, Snape, Suffolk, by Peter Pears (reciter), and members of the English Chamber Orchestra conducted by Stuart Bedford.

After Walton's death in 1983, Christopher Palmer arranged for the three numbers rejected from *Façade Revived* to be made available, on hire. Oxford University Press's *William Walton Edition* volume includes the first editions to be set of *Façade 2* and these three numbers, together with the first publication of *Small Talk*, which had not been performed since 1926, but remained in autograph form.

There have been several notable recordings of *Façade*. In February 1930 Decca released two 78-rpm records containing eleven numbers with Edith Sitwell and Constant Lambert reciting. Edith made two further recordings: the first for Columbia in 1949 with Frederick Prausnitz conducting and the second for Decca in the summer of 1954, with Peter Pears as co-reciter and Anthony Collins conducting players from the English Opera Group. Edith Sitwell is inimitable in her readings of the work and the most successful subsequent performers have wisely avoided any attempt to emulate her. A clear, 'straight' rendition which refrains from too much obtrusive characterisation, funny voices and accents, puts the emphasis rightly on the words. These exercises in sound and rhythm benefit enormously from having singers bring them to life, demonstrating a natural sense of the dramatic without becoming overblown.

Although one might single out among its English antecedents the patter songs of Gilbert and Sullivan, and in particular *I am the very model of modern Major-General* from *The Pirates of Penzance*, *Façade* is unique. Its peerless combination of a peculiarly English dry wit, genuine pathos and technical skill is an extraordinary achievement. It had no imitators, though it arguably stands in relation to Walton's other pieces as *The Whale* (1968) does to the output of the composer John Tavener (1944–2013). Both were early works, considered by many to be the last word in modernism at the time of their first performances, which effectively paved the way for their respective careers. Both use words for their sound as much as their meaning (and employ a form of megaphone). Neither composer chose to proceed much further down the path of modernism or specialise in works for chamber forces, generally preferring large-scale forms. In the case of Walton, however, it would not be true to say that *Façade* was entirely unrepresentative of his later work, embracing as it does a mood of poetic nostalgia.

**Paul Conway**

## Façade – Entertainments

(Texts: Edith Sitwell, 1887–1964)

### Façade – An Entertainment

#### 2 I. Hornpipe

Sailors come  
To the drum  
Out of Babylon;  
Hobby-horses  
Foam, the dumb  
Sky rhinoceros-glum

Watched the courses of the breakers' rocking-horses  
and with Glaucis,  
Lady Venus on the settee of the horsehair sea!  
Where Lord Tennyson in laurels wrote a Gloria free,  
In a borealic iceberg came Victoria; she  
Knew Prince Albert's tall morial took the colours of the floreal  
And the borealic iceberg; floating on they see  
New-arisen Madam Venus for whose sake from far  
Came the fat and zebra'd emperor from Zanzibar  
Where like golden bouquets lay far Asia, Africa, Cathay,  
All laid before that shady lady by the fibroid Shah.  
Captain Fracasse stout as any water-butts came, stood  
With Sir Bacchus both a-drinking the black tarr'd  
grapes' blood  
Plucked among the tartan leafage  
By the furry wind whose grief age  
Could not wither – like a squirrel with a gold star-nut.  
Queen Victoria sitting shocked upon the rocking horse  
Of a wave said to the Laureate, 'This minx of course  
Is as sharp as any lynx and blacker-deeper than  
the drinks and  
Quite as  
Hot as any hottentot, without remorse!  
For the minx',  
Said she,  
'And the drinks,  
You can see  
Are hot as any hottentot and not the goods for me!'

#### 3 II. En Famille

In the early spring-time, after their tea,  
Through the young fields of the springing Bohea,  
Jemima, Jocasta, Dinah, and Deb  
Walked with their father Sir Joshua Jebb –  
An admiral red, whose only notion,  
(A butterfly poised on a pigtailed ocean)  
Is of the peruked sea whose swell  
Breaks on the flowerless rocks of Hell.  
Under the thin trees, Deb and Dinah,  
Jemima, Jocasta, walked, and finer  
Their black hair seemed (flat-sleek to see)  
Than the young leaves of the springing Bohea;  
Their cheeks were like nutmeg-flowers when swells  
The rain into foolish silver bells.  
They said, 'If the door you would only slam,  
Or if, Papa, you would once say "Damn" –  
Instead of merely roaring "Avast"  
Or boldly invoking the nautical Blast –  
We should now stand in the street of Hell  
Watching siesta shutters that fell  
With a noise like amber softly sliding;  
Our moon-like glances through these gliding  
Would see at her table preened and set  
Myrrhina sitting at her toilette  
With eyelids closed as soft as the breeze  
That flows from gold flowers on the incense-trees.'

The Admiral said, 'You could never call –  
I assure you it would not do at all!  
She gets down from table without saying "Please",  
Forgets her prayers and to cross her T's,  
In short, her scandalous reputation  
Has shocked the whole of the Hellish nation;  
And every turbaned Chinoiserie,  
With whom we should sip our black Bohea,  
Would stretch out her simian fingers thin  
To scratch you, my dears, like a mandoline;  
For Hell is just as properly proper  
As Greenwich, or as Bath, or Joppa!'

#### 4 III. Mariner Man

'What are you staring at, mariner man  
Wrinkled as sea-sand and old as the sea?'  
'Those trains will run over their tails, if they can,  
Snorting and sporting like porpoises. Flee  
The burly, the whirligig wheels of the train,  
As round as the world and as large again,  
Running half the way over to Babylon, down  
Through fields of clover to gay Troy town –  
A-puffing their smoke as grey as the curl  
On my forehead as wrinkled as sands of the sea! –  
But what can that matter to you, my girl?  
(And what can that matter to me?)'

#### 5 IV. Long Steel Grass

Long steel grass –  
The white soldiers pass –  
The light is braying like an ass.  
See  
The tall Spanish jade  
With hair black as nightshade  
Worn as a cockade!  
Flee  
Her eyes' gasconade  
And her gown's parade  
(As stiff as a brigade).  
Tee-hee!  
The hard and braying light  
Is zebra'd black and white  
It will take away the slight  
And free,  
Tinge of the mouth-organ sound,  
(Oyster-stall notes) oozing round  
Her flounces as they sweep the ground.  
The  
Trumpet and the drum  
And the martial cornet come  
To make the people dumb –  
But we  
Won't wait for sly-foot night  
(Moonlight, watered milk-white, bright)  
To make clear the declaration  
Of our Paphian vocation,

Beside the castanetted sea,  
Where stalks Il Capitaneo –  
Swaggart braggadocio  
Sword and moustachio –  
He  
Is green as a cassada  
And his hair is an armada.  
To the jade 'Come kiss me harder'  
He called across the battlements as she  
Heard our voices thin and shrill  
As the steely grasses' thrill,  
Or the sound of the onycha  
When the phoca has the pica  
In the palace of the Queen Chinee!

#### 6 V. Through Gilded Trellises

'Through gilded trellises  
Of the heat, Dolores,  
Inez, Manuccia,  
Isabel; Lucia,  
Mock Time that flies.  
"Lovely bird, will you stay and sing,  
Flirting your sheenèd wing, –  
Peck with your beak, and cling  
To our balconies?"  
They flirt their fans, flaunting –  
"O silence, enchanting  
As music!" then slanting  
Their eyes,  
Like gilded or emerald grapes,  
They take mantillas, capes,  
Hiding their simian shapes.  
Sighs  
Each lady, "Our spadille  
Is done." ... "Dance the quadrille  
From Hell's towers to Seville;  
Surprise  
Their siesta," Dolores  
Said. Through gilded trellises  
Of the heat, spangles  
Pelt down through the tangles  
Of bell-flowers; each dangles  
Her castanets, shutters  
Fall while the heat mutters,

With sounds like a mandoline  
Or tinkled tambourine ...  
Ladies, Time dies!

#### 7 VI. Tango-Pasodoblé

When

Don

Pasquito arrived at the seaside  
Where the donkey's hide tide brayed, he  
Saw the banditto Jo in a black cape  
Whose slack shape waved like the sea –  
Thetis wrote a treatise noting wheat is silver like the sea;  
the lovely cheat is sweet as foam; Erotis notices that she

Will

Steal

The

Wheat-king's luggage, like Babel  
Before the League of Nations grew –  
So Jo put the luggage and the label  
In the pocket of Flo the Kangaroo.  
Through trees like rich hotels that bode  
Of dreamless ease fled she,  
Carrying the load and goading the road  
Through the marine scene to the sea.  
'Don Pasquito, the road is eloping  
With your luggage, though heavy and large;  
You must follow and leave your moping  
Bride to my guidance and charge!'  
When

Don

Pasquito returned from the road's end,  
Where vanilla-coloured ladies ride  
From Sevilla, his mantilla'd bride and young friend  
Were forgetting their mentor and guide.  
For the lady and her friend from Le Touquet  
In the very shady trees upon the sand  
Were plucking a white satin bouquet  
Of foam, while the sand's brassy band  
Blared in the wind. Don Pasquito  
Hid where the leaves drip with sweet ...  
But a word stung him like a mosquito ...  
For what they hear, they repeat!

#### 8 VII. Lullaby for Jumbo

Jumbo asleep!  
Grey leaves thick-furred  
As his ears, keep  
Conversations blurred.  
Thicker than hide  
Is the trumpeting water;  
Don Pasquito's bride  
And his youngest daughter  
Watch the leaves  
Elephantine grey:  
What is it grieves  
In the torrid day?  
Is it the animal  
World that snores  
Harsh and inimical  
In sleepy pores? –  
And why should the spined flowers  
Red as a soldier  
Make Don Pasquito  
Seem still mouldier?

#### 9 VIII. Black Mrs Behemoth

In a room of the palace  
Black Mrs Behemoth  
Gave way to wrath  
And the wildest malice.  
Cried Mrs Behemoth,  
'Come, come,  
Come, court lady,  
Doomed like a moth,  
Through palace rooms shady!'  
The candle flame  
Seemed a yellow pompion,  
Sharp as a scorpion,  
Nobody came ...  
Only a bugbear  
Air unkind,  
That bud-furred papoose,  
The young spring wind,  
Blew out the candle.  
Where is it gone?  
To flat Coromandel  
Rolling on!

## 10 IX. Tarantella

Where the satyrs are chattering, nymphs with  
their flattering  
    glimpse of the forest enhance  
All the beauty of marrow and cucumber narrow and  
    Ceres will join in the dance.  
Where the satyrs can flatter the flat-leaved fruit  
    and the gherkin green and the marrow,  
Said Queen Venus, 'Silenus, we'll settle between us  
    the gourd and the cucumber narrow.'  
See, like palaces hid in the lake, they shake –  
    those greenhouses shot by her arrow narrow!  
The gardener seizes the pieces, like Croesus,  
    for gilding the potting-shed barrow.  
There the radish roots and the strawberry fruits  
    feel the nymphs' high boots in the glade.  
Trampling and sampling mazurkas, cachucas and turkas,  
Cracoviaks hid in the shade.  
Where, in the haystacks, the country nymphs' gay flocks  
    wear gowns that are looped over bright yellow petticoats,  
Gaiters of leather and pheasants' tail feathers  
    in straw hats bewildering many a leathern bat.  
There they haymake,  
Cowers and whines in showers,  
    the dew in the dogskin bright flowers;  
Pumpkin and marrow and cucumber-narrow  
    have grown through the spangled June hours.  
Melons as dark as caves have for their fountain waves  
    thickest gold honey, and wrinkled as dark as Pan,  
Or old Silenus, yet youthful as Venus,  
    are gourds and the wrinkled figs whence all the  
    jewels ran.  
Said Queen Venus, 'Silenus we'll settle between us  
    the nymphs' disobedience, forestall  
With my bow and my quiver each fresh evil liver:  
    for I don't understand it at all!'

## 11 X. The Man from a Far Countree

Rose and Alice,  
Oh, the pretty lassies,  
With their mouths like a calice  
And their hair a golden palace –  
Through my heart like a lovely wind they blow.

Though I am black and not comely,  
Though I am black as the darkest trees,  
I have swarms of gold that will fly like honey-bees,  
By the rivers of the sun I will feed my words  
Until they skip like those fleeced lambs  
The waterfalls, and the rivers (horned rams);  
Then for all my darkness I shall be  
The peacefulness of a lovely tree –  
A tree wherein the golden birds  
Are singing in the darkest branches, oh!

## 12 XI. By the Lake

Across the flat and the pastel snow  
Two people go ... 'And do you remember  
When last we wandered this shore?' ... 'Ah no!  
For it is cold-hearted December.'  
'Dead, the leaves that like asses' ears hung on the trees  
When last we wandered and squandered joy here;  
Now Midas your husband will listen for these  
Whispers – these tears for joy's bier.'  
And as they walk, they seem tall pagodas;  
And all the ropes let down from the cloud  
Ring the hard cold bell-buds upon the trees-codas  
Of overtones, ecstasies, grown for love's shroud.

## 13 XII. Country Dance

That hobnailed goblin, the bob-tailed Hob,  
Said, 'It is time I began to rob',  
For strawberries bob, hob-nob with the pearls  
Of cream (like the curls of the dairy girls),  
And flushed with the heat and fruitish-ripe  
Are the gowns of the maids who dance to the pipe.  
Chase a maid?  
She's afraid!  
'Go gather a bob-cherry kiss from a tree,  
But don't, I prithee, come bothering me!'  
She said –  
As she fled.  
The snouted satyrs drink clouted cream  
'Neath the chestnut-trees as thick as a dream;  
So I went,  
And leant,

Where none but the doltish coltish wind  
 Nuzzled my hand for what it could find.  
 As it neighed,  
 I said,  
 'Don't touch me, sir, don't touch me, I say –,  
 You'll tumble my strawberries into the hay.'  
 Those snow-mounds of silver that bee, the spring,  
 Has sucked his sweetness from, I will bring  
 With fair-haired plants and with apples chill  
 For the great god Pan's high altar ... I'll spill  
 Not one!  
 So, in fun,  
 We rolled on the grass and began to run  
 Chasing that gaudy satyr the Sun;  
 Over the haycocks, away we ran  
 Crying, 'Here be berries as sunburnt as Pan!  
 But Silenus  
 Has seen us ...  
 He runs like the rough satyr Sun.  
Come away!

#### 14 XIII. Polka

'Tra la la la la la la la –  
See me dance the polka',  
 Said Mr Wagg like a bear,  
 'With my top hat  
 And my whiskers that –  
 (Tra la la la) trap the Fair.

Where the waves seem chiming haycocks  
 I dance the polka; there  
 Stand Venus' children in their gay frocks, –  
 Maroon and marine, – and stare

To see me fire my pistol  
 Through the distance blue as my coat;  
 Like Wellington, Byron, the Marquis of Bristol,  
 Busbied great trees float.

While the wheezing hurdy-gurdy  
 Of the marine wind blows me  
 To the tune of 'Annie Rooney', sturdy,  
 Over the sheafs of the sea;

And bright as a seedsman's packet  
 With zinnias, candytufts chill,  
 Is Mrs Marigold's jacket  
 As she gapes at the inn door still,

Where at dawn in the box of the sailor,  
 Blue as the decks of the sea,  
 Nelson awoke, crowed like the cocks,  
 Then back to the dust sank he.

And Robinson Crusoe  
 Rues so  
 The bright and foxy beer, –  
 But he finds fresh isles in a negress' smiles, –  
 The poxy doxy dear.

As they watch me dance the polka',  
 Said Mr Wagg like a bear,  
 'In my top hat and my whiskers that, –  
 Tra la la la, trap the Fair.

Tra la la la la la –  
 Tra la la la la la –  
 Tra la la la la la la la  
La  
La  
La!'

#### 15 XIV. Four in the Morning

Cried the navy-blue ghost  
 Of Mr. Belaker  
 The allegro negro cocktail-shaker:  
 'Why did the cock crow,  
 Why am I lost  
 Down the endless road to Infinity toss'd?'  
 The tropical leaves are whispering white as water;  
 I race the wind in my flight down the promenade,  
edging the far-off sand  
 Is the foam of the sirens' Metropole and Grand, –  
 As I raced through the leaves as white as water  
 My ghost flowed over a nursemaid, caught her,  
 And there I saw the lone grass weep,  
 Where the guinea-fowl-plumaged houses sleep,  
 And the sweet ring-doves of curded milk

Watch the Infanta's gown of silk  
In the ghost-room tall where the governante  
Whisper slyly, fading andante.  
In at the window then looked he,  
The navy-blue ghost of Mr. Belaker,  
The allegro negro cocktail-shaker, –  
And his flattened face like the moon saw she, –  
Rhinoceros-black yet flowing like the sea.

**16 XV. Something Lies Beyond the Scene**

Something lies beyond the scene, the encre de chine,  
marine, obscene  
Horizon  
In  
Hell.  
Black as a bison,  
See the tall black Aga on the sofa in the alga  
mope, his  
Bell-rope  
Moustache (clear as a great bell!)  
Waves in eighteen-eighty  
Bustles  
Come  
Late with tambourines of  
Rustling  
Foam.  
They answer to the names  
Of ancient dames and shames, and  
Only call horizons their home.  
Coldly wheeze (Chinese as these black-armoured  
fleas that dance)  
the breezes  
Seeking for horizons  
Wide; from her orisons  
In her wide  
Vermilion  
Pavilion  
By the seaside  
The doors clang open and hide  
Where the wind died  
Nothing but the Princess  
Cockatrice  
Lean  
Dancing a caprice  
To the wind's tambourine!

**17 XVI. Valse**

'Daisy and Lily,  
Lazy and silly,  
Walk by the shore of the wan grassy sea, –  
Talking once more 'neath a swan-bosomed tree.  
Rose castles,  
Tourelles,  
Those bustles  
Where swells  
Each foam-bell of ermine,  
They roam and determine  
What fashions have been and what fashions will be, –  
What tartan leaves born,  
What crinolines worn.  
By Queen Thetis,  
Pelisses  
Of tarlatine blue,  
Like the thin plaided leaves that the castle crags grew,  
Or velours d'Afrande:  
On the water-gods' land  
Her hair seemed gold trees on the honey-cell sand  
When the thickest gold spangles, on deep water seen,  
Were like twanging guitar and like cold mandoline,  
And the nymphs of great caves,  
With hair like gold waves,  
Of Venus, wore tarlatine.  
Louise and Charlottine  
(Boreas' daughters)  
And the nymphs of deep waters,  
The nymph Taglioni, Grisi the ondine,  
Wear plaided Victoria and thin Clementine  
Like the crinolined waterfalls;  
Wood-nymphs wear bonnets, shawls,  
Elegant parasols  
Floating are seen.  
The Amazons wear balzarine of jonquille  
Beside the blond lace of a deep-falling rill;  
Through glades like a nun  
They run from and shun  
The enormous and gold-rayed rustling sun;  
And the nymphs of the fountains  
Descend from the mountains  
Like elegant willows  
On their deep barouche pillows,  
In-cashmere Alvandar, barege Isabelle,



Would there be room for me?  
 'There is a hotel at Ostend  
 Cold as the wind, without an end,  
 Haunted by ghostly poor relations  
 Of Bostonian conversations  
 (Like bagpipes rotting through the walls.)  
 And there the pearl-ropes fall like shawls  
 With a noise like marine waterfalls.  
 And 'Another little drink wouldn't do us any harm'  
 Pierces through the Sabbatical calm.  
 And that is the place for me!  
 So do not take a bath in Jordan, Gordon,  
 On the holy Sabbath, on the peaceful day –  
 Or you'll never go to heaven, Gordon Macpherson,  
 And speaking purely as a private person  
 That is the place – that is the place – that is the place for me!

**20 XIX. Popular Song**

*For Constant Lambert*

Lily O' Grady,  
 Silly and shady,  
 Longing to be  
 A lazy lady,  
 Walked by the cupolas, gables in the  
 Lake's Georgian stables,  
 In a fairy tale like the heat intense,  
 And the mist in the woods when across the fence  
 The children gathering strawberries  
 Are changed by the heat into negresses,  
 Though their fair hair  
 Shines there  
 Like gold-haired planets, Calliope, Io,  
 Pomona, Antiope, Echo, and Clio.  
 Then Lily O' Grady,  
 Silly and shady,  
 Sauntered along like a  
 Lazy lady.  
 Beside the waves' haycocks her gown with tucks  
 Was of satin the colour of shining green ducks,  
 And her fol-de-rol  
 Parasol  
 Was a great gold sun o'er the haycocks shining,  
 But she was a negress black as the shade  
 That time on the brightest lady laid.

Then a satyr, dog-haired as trunks of trees,  
 Began to flatter, began to tease,  
 And she ran like the nymphs with golden foot  
 That trampled the strawberry, buttercup root,  
 In the thick gold dew as bright as the mesh  
 Of dead Panope's golden flesh,  
 Made from the music whence were born  
 Memphis and Thebes in the first hot morn,  
 – And ran, to wake  
 In the lake,  
 Where the water-ripples seem hay to rake.  
 And Charlotte,  
 Adeline,  
 Round rose-bubbling Victorine,  
 And the other fish  
 Express a wish  
 For mastic mantles and gowns with a swish;  
 And bright and slight as the posies  
 Of buttercups and of roses,  
 And buds of the wild wood-lilies  
 They chase her, as frisky as fillies.  
 The red retriever-haired satyr  
 Can whine and tease her and flatter,  
 But Lily O' Grady,  
 Silly and shady,  
 In the deep shade is a lazy lady;  
 Now Pompey's dead, Homer's read,  
 Heliogabalus lost his head,  
 And shade is on the brightest wing,  
 And dust forbids the bird to sing.

**21 XX. Fox-Trot 'Old Sir Faulk'**

Old  
 Sir  
 Faulk

Tall as a stork,  
 Before the honeyed fruits of dawn were ripe, would walk,  
 And stalk with a gun  
 The Reynard-coloured sun,  
 Among the pheasant-feathered corn the unicorn has torn,  
 forlorn the  
 Smock-faced sheep

Sit  
 And  
 Sleep;  
 Periwigged as William and Mary, weep ...  
 'Sally, Mary, Mattie, what's the matter, why cry?'  
 The huntsman and the Reynard-coloured sun and I sigh;  
 'Oh, the nursery-maid Meg  
 With a leg like a peg  
 Chased the feathered dreams like hens, and when they laid  
 an egg  
 In the sheepskin  
 Meadows  
 Where  
 The serene King James would steer  
 Horse and hounds, then he  
 From the shade of a tree  
 Picked it up as spoil to boil for nursery tea,' said  
 the mourners.  
 In the  
 Corn, towers strain,  
 Feathered tall as a crane,  
 And whistling down the feathered rain, old Noah  
 goes again –  
 An old dull mome  
 With a head like a pome,  
 Seeing the world as a bare egg,  
 Laid by the feathered air; Meg  
 Would beg three of these  
 For the nursery teas  
 Of Japhet, Shem, and Ham; she gave it  
 Underneath the trees,  
 Where the boiling  
 Water  
 Hissed,  
 Like the goose-king's feathered daughter – kissed,  
 Pot and pan and copper kettle  
 Put upon their proper mettle,  
 Lest the Flood – the Flood – the Flood begin again  
 through these!

## 22 XXI. Sir Beelzebub

When  
 Sir  
 Beelzebub called for his syllabub in the hotel in Hell  
 Where Proserpine first fell,  
 Blue as the gendarmerie were the waves of the sea,  
 (Rocking and shocking the bar-maid).  
 Nobody comes to give him his rum but the  
 Rim of the sky hippopotamus-glum  
 Enhances the chances to bless with a benison  
 Alfred Lord Tennyson crossing the bar laid  
 With cold vegetation from pale deputations  
 Of temperance workers (all signed In Memoriam)  
 Hoping with glory to trip up the Laureate's feet,  
 (Moving in classical metres) ...  
 Like Balaclava, the lava came down from the  
 Roof, and the sea's blue wooden gendarmerie  
 Took them in charge while Beelzebub roared for his rum.  
 ... None of them come!

## Façade 2 – A Further Entertainment

### 23 I. Came the Great Popinjay

Came the great Popinjay  
 Smelling his nosegay:  
 In cages like grots  
 The birds sang gavottes.  
 'Herodiade's flea  
 Was named sweet Amanda,  
 She danced like a lady  
 From here to Uganda.  
 Oh, what a dance was there!  
 Long-haired, the candle  
 Salome-like tossed her hair  
 To a dance tune by Handel' ...  
 Dance they still? Then came  
 Courtier Death,  
 Blew out the candle flame  
 With civet breath.

**24 II. Aubade**

Jane, Jane,  
Tall as a crane,  
The morning light creaks down again;

Comb your cockscomb-ragged hair,  
Jane, Jane, come down the stair.

Each dull blunt wooden stalactite  
Of rain creaks, hardened by the light,

Sounding like an overtone  
From some lonely world unknown.

But the creaking empty light  
Will never harden into sight,

Will never penetrate your brain  
With overtones like the blunt rain.  
The light would show (if it could harden)  
Eternities of kitchen garden,

Cockscomb flowers that none will pluck,  
And wooden flowers that 'gin to cluck.

In the kitchen you must light  
Flames as staring, red and white,

As carrots or as turnips, shining  
Where the cold dawn light lies whining.

Cockscomb hair on the cold wind  
Hangs limp, turns the milk's weak mind ...

Jane, Jane,  
Tall as a crane,  
The morning light creaks down again!

**25 III. March**

Ratatantan:  
The Marshall's harrier  
Bites and fights  
The water carrier.

Mossed as a Druid,  
Under the wall  
Thin waters fall  
And turn into fluid  
Petals of tulips, and hard regalias  
Of lilies and dahlias.  
Then, as they brawl,  
Jupiter leaned from his vast snow cage,  
Cuffed the Marshall's harrier –  
Still in a rage he bites and fights  
The wall grown mouldier,  
Where stiff as a soldier  
Stands the breeze,  
Like a Handy Andy,  
And words they bandy  
Under the dandy Dinmont trees.

**26 IV. Madame Mouse Trots**

*Dame Souris trotte grise dans le noir – Verlaine*

Madame Mouse trots,  
Grey in the black night!  
Madame Mouse trots:  
Furred is the light.  
The elephant-trunks  
Trumpet from the sea ...  
Grey in the black night  
The mouse trots free.  
Hoarse as a dog's bark  
The heavy leaves are furled ...  
The cat's in his cradle,  
All's well with the world!

**27 V. The Octogenarian**

The octogenarian  
Leaned from his window,  
To the valerian  
Growing below  
Said, 'My nightcap  
Is only the gap  
In the trembling thorn  
Where the mild unicorn  
With the little Infanta

Danced the lavolta  
(Clapping hands: molto  
Lent' eleganta).'  
The man with the lanthorn  
Peers high and low;  
No more  
Than a snore  
As he walks to and fro ...  
Il Dottore the stoic  
Culls silver herb  
Beneath the superb  
Vast moon azoic.

#### **28 VI. Gardener Janus Catches a Naiad**

Baskets of ripe fruit in air  
The bird-songs seem, suspended where

Between the hairy leaves trills dew,  
All tasting of fresh green anew.

Ma'am, I've heard your laughter flare  
Through your waspish-gilded hair:

Feathered masks,  
Pots of peas,  
Janus asks  
Naught of these.  
Creaking water  
Brightly striped,  
Now, I've caught her –  
Shrieking biped.  
Flute sounds jump  
And turn together,  
Changing clumps  
Of glassy feather.  
In among the  
Pots of peas  
Naiad changes –  
Quick as these.

#### **29 VII. Water Party**

Rose Castles  
Those bustles  
Beneath parasols seen!  
Fat blonde pearls  
Rondine curls  
Seem. Bannerols sheen  
The brave tartan  
Waves' Spartan  
Domes – (Crystal Palaces)  
Where like fallacies  
Die the calices  
Of the water-flowers green.  
Said the Dean  
To the Queen,  
On the tartan wave seen:  
'Each chilly  
White lily  
Has her own crinoline,  
And the seraphs recline  
On divans divine  
In a smooth seventh heaven of polished pitch-pin.'  
Castellated,  
Related  
To castles the waves lean  
Balmoral-like;  
They quarrel, strike  
(As round as a rondine)  
With sharp towers  
The water-flowers  
And, floating between,  
Each chatelaine  
In the battle slain –  
Laid low by the Ondine.

#### **30 VIII. Said King Pompey**

Said King Pompey, the emperor's ape,  
Shuddering black in his temporal cape  
Of dust, 'The dust is everything –  
The heart to love and the voice to sing,  
Indianapolis  
And the Acropolis,  
Also the hairy sky that we

Take for a coverlet comfortably.'  
Said the Bishop,  
Eating his ketchup –  
'There still remains  
Eternity  
Swelling the diocese,  
That elephantiasis,  
The flunkeyed and trumpeting sea!'

## **Façade – Additional Numbers**

### **31 I. Small Talk**

Upon the noon Cassandra died  
The Harpy preened itself outside.  
Bank Holiday put forth its glamour,  
And in the wayside station's clamour  
We found the cafe at the rear,  
And sat and drank our Pilsener beer.  
Words smeared upon our wooden faces  
Now paint them into queer grimaces;  
The crackling greeneries that spirt  
Like fireworks, mock our souls inert,  
and we seem feathered like a bird  
Among the shadows scarcely heard.  
Beneath her shade-ribbed switchback mane  
The harpy, breasted like a train,  
Was haggling with a farmer's wife:  
'Fresh harpy's eggs, no trace of life.'  
Miss Sitwell, cross and white as chalk,  
Was indisposed for the small talk,  
Since, peering through a shadowed door,  
She saw Cassandra on the floor.

### **32 II. Daphne**

When green as a river was the barley,  
Green as a river the rye,  
I waded deep and began to parley  
With a youth whom I heard sigh.  
'I seek' said he, 'a lovely lady,  
A nymph as bright as a queen,  
Like a tree that drips with pearls her shady  
Locks of hair were seen;

And all the rivers became her flocks  
Though their wool you cannot shear,  
Because of the love of her flowing locks.  
The kingly sun like a swain  
Came strong, unheeding of her scorn,  
Wading in deeps where she has lain,  
Sleeping upon her river lawn  
And chasing her starry satyr train.  
She fled, and changed into a tree, –  
That lovely fair-haired lady ...  
And now I seek through the sere summer  
Where no trees are shady!'

### **33 III. The White Owl**

The currants, moonwhite as  
Mother Bunch,  
In their thick-bustled leaves were laughing like Punch;  
And, ruced as their country waterfalls,  
The cherried maids walk beneath the dark walls.  
Where the moonlight was falling thick as curd  
Through the cherry branches, half-unheard,  
Said old Mrs Bunch, the crop-eared owl,  
To her gossip:  
'If once I began to howl,  
I am sure that my sobs would drown the seas –  
With my "oh's" and my "ah's" and my "oh dear me's!"  
Everything wrong from cradle to grave –  
No money to spend, no money to save!  
And the currant-bush began to rustle  
As poor Mrs Bunch arranged her bustle.

### **34 IV. The Last Galop**

Gone the saturnalia, sighing, dying,  
Shone the leaves' regalia, maddened with the flying  
Hooves, the glittering leaves seem  
Faces in a dim dream,  
Satyrine the leaves gleam  
At the dreams dying.  
Pierrot's mask is whitened,  
Long-nosed, frightened;  
Rags tragi-comical,  
Flags plano-conical,

Tags histrionical,  
All his ironical  
Form acronomical  
Falls, – lies sprawling.  
Cannibal, the sun, blared down upon the shrunken  
Heads, the drums of skin, the sin –  
The dead men drunken.  
Through the canvas slum come  
Bunches of taut nerves, dance,  
Caper through the slum, prance  
Like paper blowing.  
Lying in the deep mud, under tumbrils rolling,  
The dead men drunken, tossed and lost, and sprawling:  
The trumpet's calling  
From Hell's pits falling  
The crowd-seas tumble  
And Death's drums rumble.  
White as a winding sheet,  
Masks blowing down the street:  
Moscow, Paris, London, Vienna –  
all are undone.  
The drums of Death are mumbling, rumbling, and tumbling,  
The world's floors are quaking, crumbling and breaking.

Texts from *Façade* by Dame Edith Sitwell (1887–1964).  
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Edith Sitwell's poems include some outdated words and ideas  
that some listeners may find offensive.

## Hila Plitmann



Two-time GRAMMY Award-winning soprano, songwriter, and actress Hila Plitmann is known for opera, concert, film, and theatre performances filled with emotionally charged fearlessness, unique expressivity, and mesmerising drama. A frequent soloist on major stages across the world, she's widely recognised as one of today's foremost interpreters of contemporary music, as well as traditional repertoire, and boundary-pushing projects in non-classical genres. With prolific jazz guitarist Shea Welsh and tabla virtuoso Aditya Kalyanpur she recently co-founded Renaissance Heart, a global music project melding classical, jazz, folk, rock and world music.

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## Fred Child



Since 2000, Fred Child has served as host of APM's *Performance Today*, the most popular classical music radio show in America. He is also the commentator and announcer for *Live from Lincoln Center*. Child hosts musical events on stages around the United States, working with major orchestras and festivals. Beyond the world of classical music, Child has hosted NPR's innovative *Creators at Carnegie*, a programme of wide-ranging performers in concert. Prior to NPR, he served as music director and director of cultural programming for WNYC. He has been a contributor to *Billboard* magazine and served as a concert host and commentator for BBC Radio 3.

## Kevin Deas



Bass-baritone Kevin Deas is a graduate of The Juilliard School. He is much in demand performing symphonic concert works, oratorio and opera, with his diverse repertoire spanning Baroque to contemporary pieces. He has been engaged by conductors including JoAnn Falletta, Zubin Mehta, Sir Georg Solti, Lorin Maazel, Daniel Barenboim, Itzhak Perlman, Michael Tilson Thomas and Marin Alsop. Deas has performed multiple times with the New York Philharmonic, The Philadelphia Orchestra, the Chicago, San Francisco, St Louis, Montreal and Tokyo Symphony Orchestras and various other orchestras. He serves on the performance faculty as lecturer at Princeton University.

## Virginia Arts Festival Chamber Players

Since 1997, the Virginia Arts Festival has transformed the cultural scene in Southeastern Virginia, presenting great performers from across the globe. Renowned artists who have performed at the festival include Itzhak Perlman, Renée Fleming, Yo-Yo Ma, Joshua Bell, Olga Kern, Israel Philharmonic Orchestra, Miami String Quartet, Mormon Tabernacle Choir, Stewart Copeland, Audra McDonald, Kelli O'Hara, Patti LuPone, Birmingham Royal Ballet, Alvin Ailey American Dance Theater, American Ballet Theatre and Mark Morris Dance Group. The festival has presented numerous world premieres and new productions of classical music, dance, and theatre from some of today's most influential composers, choreographers and playwrights. The festival's arts education programmes reach tens of thousands of schoolchildren each year through student matinees, in-school performances, artist residencies, masterclasses and demonstrations. Van Cliburn gold medallist Olga Kern serves as the Virginia Arts Festival Connie and Marc Jacobson Director of Chamber Music. Each season concerts from the festival chamber music series are broadcast nationwide on American Public Radio's *Performance Today*.

[www.vafest.org](http://www.vafest.org)

## Debra Wendells Cross



Debra Wendells Cross currently holds the position of principal flute in the Virginia Symphony Orchestra. She has participated in many music festivals including the Eastern Music Festival, Tanglewood, Music Academy of the West, Skaneateles Festival and the Virginia Arts Festival. Cross is regularly featured on NPR's *Performance Today*. The Seattle native graduated with honours from the New England Conservatory where she studied with Boston Symphony Orchestra member James Pappoutsakis. From there she went on to study with Michel Debost in Paris under the auspices of the Harriet Hale Woolley Scholarship.

## Rachel Ordaz



An experienced flautist with expertise in piccolo performance, Rachel Ordaz has held the position of third flute/piccolo with the Virginia Symphony Orchestra since 2012. She studied at Carnegie Mellon University with Jeanne Baxtresser and Alberto Almarza, and the Peabody Conservatory of The Johns Hopkins University with Laurie Sokoloff. In 2016, Ordaz was awarded Second Place in the National Flute Association's Piccolo Artist Competition. Ordaz has performed with numerous orchestras including the Richmond Symphony and The Florida Orchestra, and can be heard with the Oregon Symphony on *Aspects of America: Pulitzer Edition* (Pentatone).

## Todd Levy



Four-time GRAMMY Award winner and principal clarinet of the Milwaukee Symphony and The Santa Fe Opera Orchestra, Todd Levy has also performed with members of the Guarneri, Juilliard, Orion and Miami String Quartets; with Pinchas Zukerman, Christoph Eschenbach and Mitsuko Uchida; as a soloist at Carnegie Hall, Mostly Mozart and with the Israel Philharmonic Orchestra; and as guest principal clarinet with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, New York Philharmonic, The Philadelphia Orchestra and Metropolitan Opera. A faculty member at the Bienen School of Music at Northwestern University, he has recorded and co-edited the new print/album editions of Bernstein's *Sonata for Clarinet and Piano* and Finzi's *Five Bagatelles, Op. 23* for Boosey & Hawkes.

## Robert Alemany



Photo: Mark Dellas

Clarinetist Robert Alemany has appeared as soloist with the Czech National Symphony Orchestra, Moravian Philharmonic Orchestra, Central Philharmonic Orchestra, China National Symphony Orchestra, Orchestra Sinfonica di San Remo and the Orquesta Sinfónica de la UNAM. He has played clarinet and bass clarinet with the Buffalo Philharmonic, Virginia Symphony and Waterbury Symphony Orchestras, the Virginia Arts Festival Chamber Players and the Hudson Valley Philharmonic. His album *The American Clarinet* (Albany Records) was critically acclaimed by *Gramophone* magazine.

## Timothy McAllister



Critically acclaimed saxophonist Timothy McAllister is one of today's premiere wind soloists, a member of the 2018 GRAMMY Award-winning PRISM Quartet, and a champion of contemporary music credited with over 50 recordings and 200 premieres of new compositions by eminent and emerging composers worldwide. His recording of Kenneth Fuchs's *RUSH (Concerto for Alto saxophone and Orchestra)* with JoAnn Falletta and the London Symphony Orchestra appears on the 2019 GRAMMY Award-winning album *Spiritualist* (8.559824).

[www.timothymcallister.com](http://www.timothymcallister.com)

## David Vonderheide



David Vonderheide joined the Virginia Symphony Orchestra in 1998 as second trumpet before moving to principal trumpet in 2010. Vonderheide has performed with the Saint Louis and Colorado Symphonies as well as having performed as principal trumpet with the San Francisco, Atlanta and Fort Worth Symphony Orchestras. Vonderheide was the interim principal trumpet of the Atlanta Symphony Orchestra for the 2012–13 season. While in the ASO, he performed at Carnegie Hall and recorded with the orchestra, including a GRAMMY-nominated album of the music of Sibelius. Vonderheide also teaches trumpet at the College of William and Mary.

## Julian Schwarz



Cellist Julian Schwarz was awarded First Prize at the inaugural Schoenfeld International String Competition in 2013 and has since made over 200 concerto appearances in the United States and abroad. Schwarz performs in a duo with Marika Bournaki, with whom he won the 2016 Boulder International Chamber Music Competition: The Art of Duo, and is a founding member of the Frisson Ensemble. A devoted teacher, Schwarz serves as associate professor of cello at Shenandoah Conservatory and on the artist faculty of New York University and Eastern Music Festival. He received degrees from The Juilliard School under Joel Krosnick. A Pirastro artist, he endorses Pirastro Perpetual cello strings.

[www.julianschwarz.com](http://www.julianschwarz.com)

## Robert W. Cross



Photo: David Polston

Founder and executive director of the Virginia Arts Festival, Robert W. Cross has been principal percussionist of the Virginia Symphony Orchestra since 1987. He has performed with the Buffalo Philharmonic Orchestra, American Repertory Theater and prestigious ballet companies, and appeared at the Leonard Bernstein Festival of American Music, Skaneateles Festival, Brevard and the Eastern Music Festival. A graduate of the New England Conservatory, Cross has recorded for Northeastern Records, New Albion Records, NPR Classics, Albany Records and performs on the GRAMMY Award-winning Naxos recording of John Corigliano's *Mr. Tambourine Man: Seven Poems of Bob Dylan* (8.559331).

## JoAnn Falletta



Photo: Heather Bellini

Multiple GRAMMY-winning conductor JoAnn Falletta serves as music director of the Buffalo Philharmonic Orchestra (BPO) and music director laureate of the Virginia Symphony Orchestra. She has guest conducted many of the most prominent orchestras in America, Canada, Europe, Asia and South America. As music director of the Buffalo Philharmonic, Falletta became the first woman to lead a major America ensemble. With a discography of over 120 titles, she is a leading recording artist for Naxos. Her GRAMMY-winning Naxos recordings include Richard Danielpour's *The Passion of Yeshua* with the BPO (8.559885-86), Kenneth Fuchs' *Spiritualist* with the London Symphony Orchestra (8.559824) and John Corigliano's *Mr. Tambourine Man: Seven Poems of Bob Dylan* with the BPO (8.559331). Falletta is a member of the esteemed American Academy of Arts and Sciences, has served as a member of the National Council on the Arts, is the recipient of many of the most prestigious conducting awards and was named *Performance Today's* Classical Woman of the Year 2019 and one of the 50 great conductors of all time by *Gramophone* magazine.

[www.joannfalletta.com](http://www.joannfalletta.com)

Edith Sitwell's invitation to William Walton to collaborate on an innovative, revolutionary new work came at a critical moment in the young composer's career, and *Façade* proved to be his first great success. The peerless combination of a peculiarly English dry wit, genuine pathos and superlative technical skill remains an extraordinary achievement. Sitwell's verses conjure a satirical and poignant world of bourgeois late-Victorian England, while Walton's settings unfailingly enhance and enrich the texts in a work in which words and music are unquestionably of equal importance. This release includes the first recording of *Small Talk* (1922) and three numbers first performed in 1977 but subsequently rejected by the composer.

William  
**WALTON**  
(1902–1983)

- |              |   |              |
|--------------|---|--------------|
| <b>1–22</b>  | <b>Façade – An Entertainment (1922)</b>             | <b>37:12</b> |
| <b>23–30</b> | <b>Façade 2 – A Further Entertainment (1978–79)</b> | <b>10:30</b> |
| <b>31–34</b> | <b>Façade – Additional Numbers (1922, 1977)*</b>    | <b>6:17</b>  |

*(Texts: Edith Sitwell, 1887–1964)*

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**Hila Plitmann, Fred Child, Kevin Deas, Narrators**  
**Virginia Arts Festival Chamber Players**  
**JoAnn Falletta**

A detailed track list can be found inside the booklet.

The sung texts are included in the booklet and may also be accessed at [www.naxos.com/libretti/574378.htm](http://www.naxos.com/libretti/574378.htm)

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